



Orchestra of Mayhem & Emotions Chroniced

Chhatobabble by Chhatura



BlueRoseONE
Stories Matter

New Delhi • London



BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Chhatobabble by Chhatura 2025

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



BlueRose ONE
Stories Matter from **ATC**
New Delhi • London

For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS
www.BlueRoseONE.com
info@bluerosepublishers.com
+91 8882 898 898
+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-93-7018-937-9

First Edition: November 2025



Content

Poet's Babble

Blessings

About This Melting Pot of Mayhem

Beginning of Orchestra of Mayhem and Emotions Chronicled



Poet's Babble:

Having contributed a few of my poems to school and community magazines, and later to anthologies, I never imagined I would ever publish a solo anthology. From someone who loved blending into the background during group dances to presenting my work at the forefront during a friend's mushaira, my journey has been one of immense evolution—just like my poems.

To this day, I vividly remember my first couplet, written at the tender age of five or six:

*“Maama Maama, Vasco Da Gama, Eating pulao and putting on his pyjamas.”
My uncle, Jaiprakash Kagal, aka ‘Moosie’ who inspired this playful rhyme, is no longer with us. However, he has left me a priceless legacy of reading, book collecting, and a zest for good food.*

I've never cared much for titles or labels, so all of my poems are untitled but dated. I owe this collection to my mum and BAE, Kalpana Bhat, my BFF, and a part of my girl gang, Durriya Sakarwala, who planted the seed for this book in my often chaotic mind. Both of them already have published works in different genres, setting a benchmark for me to follow. I am also incomplete without the support of the rest of my girl gang—my BFFs Akriti Drolia Gupta, Reena Alphonso, Sonali Prabhu Mittal, and Naina Vasnani—who inspire and uplift me in countless ways. My husband, Sunil, and our extended Kagal, Bhat, and Kamath family, thank you for lending me your unconditional support and showering me with blessings and love.

Thank you to Isha, Shivam, my manager, and the incredible team at Blue Rose Publishers for helping me transform a long-suppressed dream into reality.



I sincerely apologize for the delays in reverting on the book's formatting—thank you for your patience and support throughout.

A special shoutout to Jay Rathod for designing the cover and back page with such precision, and to Gautam Manoj Kumbhar for seamlessly taking the graphic design baton forward. Your illustrations brought the inner pages to life, turning words into visual poetry. I'm deeply grateful to both of you artists for adding your beautiful madness to my chaos.

I also extend heartfelt thanks to Anurag Pathak—my “Boss Man”—for his invaluable suggestions, quiet oversight, and unwavering faith in us. Your support at WildGlow Skincare has meant the world. You are our inspiration and our strength. To my WildGlow Gang—Jay, Rohit Fulani, Sagar, Ritika, Sushmita, Aniraj, and Kunika—thank you for letting me be unapologetically me. You all are the best.

Lastly, I owe my ability to write to all my teachers, professors, and personal tutors, who have guided me throughout my formative years at Bloomingdales Nursery and K.G. School, Jasudben M.L. School, Mithibai College of Arts, Science and Commerce, and SNDT Women's University PGDCM. A special and heartfelt shoutout goes to my “Guru Red Wine,” Neelam Jha—whether you like it or not, you are still a part of my work and my life. I LOVE YOU TO DEATH! Thank you, Mrs. Linda Shaw (former principal, Fazlani L'Academie Globale - IBDP and Cambridge School), for graciously accepting my request and blessing me by writing the foreword (which is no less than her “Blessings”) for my first anthology. Lastly, All tools—you are a boon only when one has to churn out content like fast food!



Blessings

I have known Chhatura since she was a young student. I have also been reading her poetry over the years.

Her work really inspires me. I noticed that the emotions she expresses are very real and

I liked the way she used words of deep darkness and then bursts out into joy.

That's what life is all about! The poems make one think that we all go through these emotions in our daily lives.

I appreciate the way the poetess has used different forms of nature to portray her emotions. "The moon teases me" or the "breeze playfully nudges." Her use of adjectives colourfully paints pictures of what she is saying - "Treading barefoot with bleeding feet."

Also, a variety of figures of speech makes her work very picturesque "Walking through the tunnel of hope." "Now my destination stands a few more steps away." She even quotes Shakespeare in her work. "As Shakespeare profoundly once quoted." In conclusion, I really appreciate Chhatura's work. She has really put in years of time and effort and has taken a lot of pain in putting up her work.

*Wishing her all the success in this endeavor
& in all the future ones to come.*

*Mrs. Linda Shaw.
[Ex. Principal
Fazlani L'Academie Globale
(TBDP and Cambridge School),
Mazagaon, Mumbai- 400009]*



About This Melting Pot of Mayhem

“Orchestra of Mayhem and Emotions Chronicled” is an anthology born from rants and reflections, woven into poetry. It captures the chaos and confusion of the mind—an orchestra of emotions like angst, disappointment, love, lust, and yearning—that repeat play, creating mayhem before ultimately finding harmony. Every unspoken word, thought, and desire is chronicled for those, especially women, who have so much to say yet often remain silent.

***Beginning of Orchestra of
Mayhem and Emotions
Chronicled***

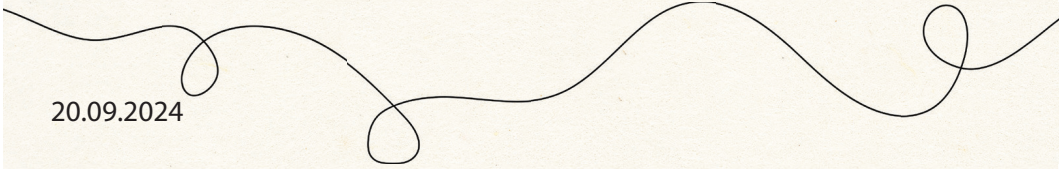
"The poet is a liar who always speaks the truth."

- Jean Cocteau

*"For every Woman with a chaotic mind as mine...
you are not alone!"*

-Chhatobabble





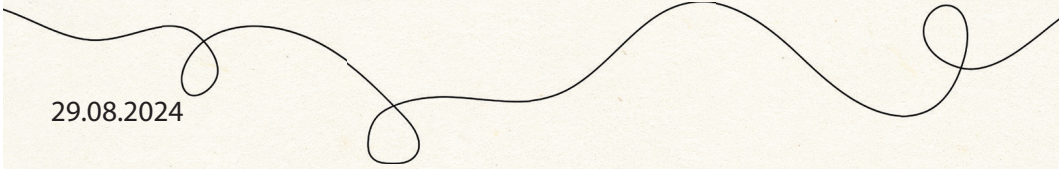
20.09.2024

Through these years,
I have kept mum.
Was it love?
Was it respect?
Perhaps a combination of the two.
Through constant badgering,
Pushing me into dark, looming corners
Where shadows engulfed me,
A desire for a beautiful, thriving garden has perished.
I believed that rain enhanced the greenery around,
But I find my garden of love has grown over time,
Washed away in floods.
I desperately try to hold on to the reminiscences.
I find myself holding weeds and shards that bruise my hands,
I finally gave up on the dream of our blooming garden and a country cottage,
As I lay broken amidst the debris,
Exhausted, I begin to scavenge every tiniest piece of 'us' I can find!



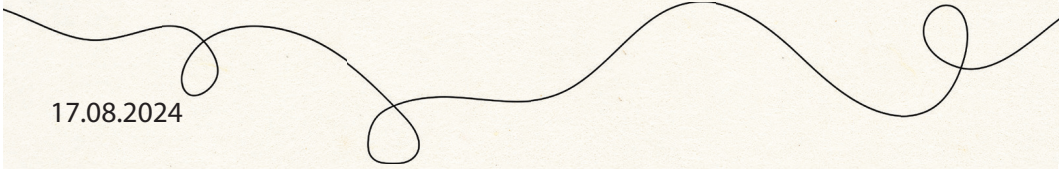
17.10.2024

A piece of my heart,
I gave you back then.
To nurture and to love twofold,
You gave back ten.
A whole new big heart,
Full of warmth and care.
You took great care of that tiny piece.
Tending it with sunshine and rain.
When I look back,
The piece, now a whole new heart itself,
My part of the heart healed
And mended.
To see both thrive,
Both beat at the same pace.
Both healthy and strong,
This is what is called fate.
One day perhaps,
I might ask for it back.
That day this heart within me,
Might forget to beat.
Till then, you keep
That part of my heart is with you.
Let it grow and let it nurture you equally.
As you tend to it with all the love
You have within.



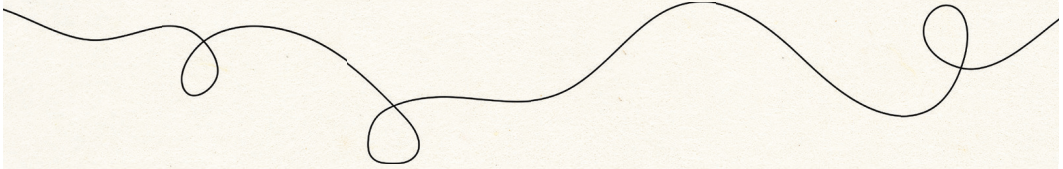
29.08.2024

One last dance!
My earnest attempt to hold on to you
Foxtrot, jive, tango...
Every form attempted to date
I failed numerous times
Gave it my all
My two right feet
Making up for your two left.
All this dancing has exhausted me
I now want to hang up my dancing shoes
To jump straight into the bed
My aching feet need to rest
Drained and worn out from all the dancing.
Fatigue kicking in
I shut my eyes.
To be pulled into the realm of dreams of blissfulness.



17.08.2024

The moon shines brightly on me
Against the dark night sky.
Peeking through its clouded veil,
Teasing me, while for you I long...
I smile at it, my beloved.
Aware of its childish tricks.
I bring my aching heart to heal and calm
As the moon teases me, while for you I long...
The breeze playfully nudges,
I feel a gentle pat on my soft skin,
It then passes by me nonchalantly,
The moon teases me, while for you I long...
I dream of you by my side,
I stand with my arms
Spread wide open.
At any moment you will run into them.
The moon teases me, while for you I long...
Being alone never felt so blissful.
Allowing me to love you the way I want.
No palpitations, no expectations,
No scrutinizing eyeballs,
The moon teases me, while for you I long...



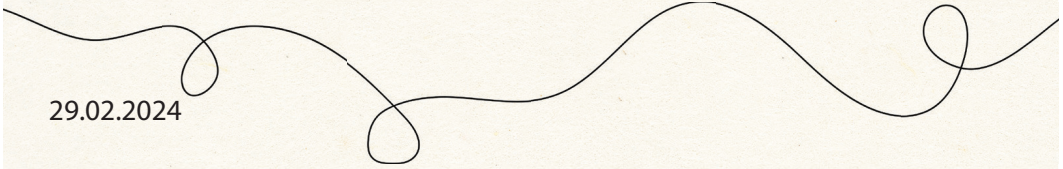
I looked up at the star-studded black veil,
Badgering it with numerous questions about you,
Every thought that popped up in my head,
My heart, which was beating fast,
Would suddenly skip its rhythmic beat.
The moon continued to tease me that night.
With bated breath, I kept waiting for you.
Even if the wait has been long.

26.07.2024

As the harmonious pitter-patter turned into a thunderstorm,
The dark sky wept its heart out.
The melody turns into a vociferous, unbearable sound,
A harbinger of gloomy days ahead.
I sit by the window watching the city wash itself out,
The insomniac city, struggling to keep awake.
The outrage and deluge caused by rains,
The city looks beautiful, even on a gloomy day.
It's spirit high, Mumbai, at its perceivable best.

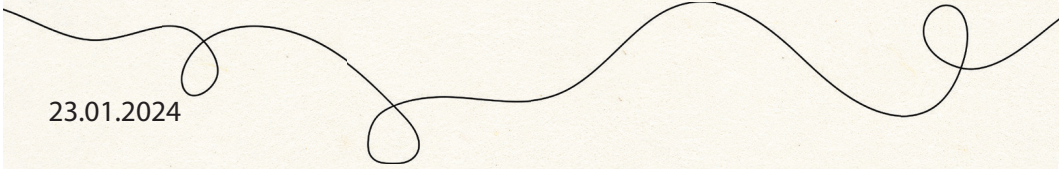
"Most people believe the mind to be a mirror,
more or less accurately
reflecting the world outside them,
not realizing on the contrary that the
mind is itself the principal element of creation."
Rabindranath Tagore





29.02.2024

In the school of life,
Examiners test you daily.
In the form of a boss, in the form of friends,
Even foes, whatever life intends.
To be on your toes is all you can do.
The experiences encountered,
Make you tougher through and through.
Humbly acknowledge your weaknesses and strengths.
Always an aid,
God surely sends.
Just be true, never fake or conniving,
It's God's justice that you shall be enduring.
Feelings of instability will come and go.
One of the hurdles that God throws.
Surpass them with all the substance you carry within,
Take it in your stride, a simple hack to win.
Life is the best school that teaches you how to survive.
Backed with ethics and good education,
You will thrive.
So lessons learned here never go to waste.
Life is a constant journey that needs to be embraced.



23.01.2024

Shattered heart, with zillion dreams,
Its pieces spread far and wide.
The damage caused is irreversible!
Yet I embark on a cathartic journey,
Picking up each piece with TLC.
Enduring the pain,
A journey to reshape my heart.
Treading barefoot with bleeding feet,
Standing tall with dignity.
Turning a deaf ear to the naysayers,
Camouflaging my fragility.
Gathering the strength from the pain,
A product of Kintsugi.
I stand today stronger than before.
With my head held high!

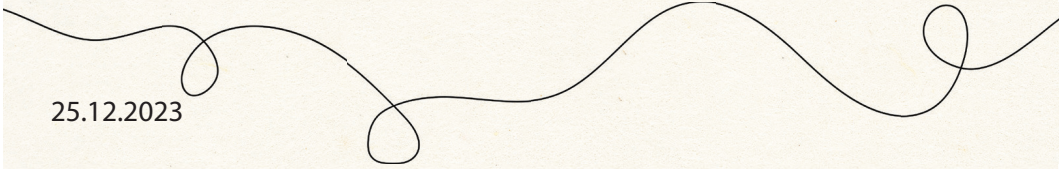


01.01.2024

A year gone by,
A new one to explore.
Moments captured and lived,
Craving to live some more!
To live in between bygones and yet to come,
To live 'now' to the fullest,
To sing and hum.
To feel grateful for all the joys that come our way,
To reflect on moments, we have gone astray.
To be more mindful of giving more love,
Hatred is passé and to be shunned.
This new year, a blank slate to fill,
Let's pour out our joyfulness and creativity,
Infused with positive thinking,
A handy skill!
Let us walk into '24,
Making it a walk to remember.
So when come '24 December,
We have experienced a satisfactory thrill.

"Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—
it is as immortal as the heart of man."
-William Worthsworth





25.12.2023

Christmas cheer is all around,
In small things,
Miracles can be found.
Just keep your giving spirit high,
Let go of vices,
Don't ask why?
You surely gonna thank me later,
As the season makes you feel jolly.
You need no fancy Christmas tree,
That's decked with ornaments and holly.
Just fill your heart with some Christmas cheer,
And you're ready to go.
To sing along with Santa,
To experience the 'Magic of Christmas',
Just shout out loud, 'ho... ho... ho...!'



04.09.2023

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Where has the girl standing before me gone?
She used to be fun and interesting.
Now she looks badgered and a bore!
Yet when I see her through her eyes,
I can still see that fun soul within.
Her fun self illuminates bright.
Yet into a cocoon, she's been hiding.
She tries to break this shell hard,
Pushing herself with all her might.
With each failure, she bounces back.
Trying to crack the shell, what a sight!
With every crack,
A sense of achievement felt,
Motivating her to give each push her best.
She pushes hard, cracking the shell each time,
Till one day the walls crumple.
She comes out prancing in glee,
I must say, it is a merry sight to see.
That joy within me, lest expressed,
To see her happy and free.
Now when I look at the girl in the mirror,
I know that is me.
I am that happy, free spirit.
Existing in a world where not everything is easy!



30.06.2023

Waking up to a grey, rainy Friday,
To let the dullness seep in.
I watched the clouds howl,
Whilst I sat by the window,
Sipping my hot cup of coffee.
I waited patiently.
For the downpour to stop.
I waited with bated breath,
To catch a glimpse of that ball of warmth.
It poured the whole day.
With cool breeze making it hard to bear.
Yet, I tried straining my eyes,
To see the sun up there.
Hidden behind the dark grey clouds,
Refusing to show himself to me.
I sit by the window patiently.
Calm and silent as I can be.
A hint of orange, I did see.
As the grey slowly turned to black before me.
Colors seem to have evaded me.
A price I pay to have asked.
Greys, blues, whites, and blacks,
The only colors, now known to me.
Yet I wait by the window,
To sight a rainbow.
Pondering on how wonderful that sight would be?



25.06.2023 (2)

To watch you bloom into yourself,
Accepting your perfections,
And imperfections.
A sense of pride, I do feel.
Soaring high,
Reaching the stars,
You were born with wings,
You were meant to fly.
Your metamorphosis is so beautiful,
You inspire me,
To be free.
From bonds and shackles of ideologies,
Some past imageries.
As the fear within melts away,
I seem to have found my way.
It's a brand new day, a brand new me,
A brand new world,
For me to experience and see.



12.06.2023

My inner shell feels so cozy,
I'd rather retreat into it,
It feels so rosy.
Apprehensive to get out and explore,
Fear of getting hurt,
The hurt from being let down.
I may be naïve, but I am strong.
To venture into the big, bad world,
I'm destiny-bound.
I break this invisible shell around me,
I need to explore.
I have tonnes of life to see.
Threading down the cobbled path,
I often fall and skin my knee.
Yet I soar like the phoenix, High!
Zest for life that's left within me.
I will survive; I will live!



06.05.2023

On a dull Saturday afternoon,
By myself, I sit.
Basking in the warmth of the summer sun,
Reading a book.
An escape into the literary world,
With princes, dragons, and dungeons.
With witches and curses and magic,
And you, the timid, naive princess.
In retrospect, when you think about it,
This magical land might exist in some place.
In some kind of multi-verse,
Where the world seems like a stage.
As Shakespeare profoundly quoted once,
We all play our parts.
I wonder what play am I a part of,
From where do I start?
My character keeps evolving.
Layer by layer, the onion getting peeled.
Every layer that comes out,
Brand new, I do feel.
I'm amazed at the layers.

I have hidden within me.
Shy and coy to bold and brash,
From delicate to a tomboy.
Every facet of mine,
Is fascinating to see.
The world is a stage,
I rightly play my part,
Whatever I play
I intend to do it with all my heart.

"Poetry might be defined as the clear expression
of mixed feelings." -W.H. Auden





03.05.2023

A perfectly sunny day.
A brand new day.
Everything looks bright and wonderful.
People around are all cheerful.
And there it comes,
A lump in my throat.
I feel my eyes swell.
Into a fountain, they burst.
Suddenly, the gloomy clouds take over.
A perfectly beautiful day goes awry.
The mind gets clouded with invisible fears,
Shadows crop up from every corner.
I start to retaliate,
I begin to smile.
Grin from my left to the right ear,
Till my jaws begin to ache.
I still hold that grin,
Determined to win.
And then I finally see a ray of hope.
Smiling upon me.
The dark clouds begin to disappear,
The perfectly sunny day finally returns.



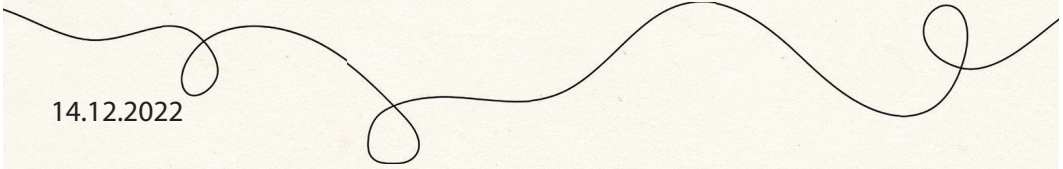
26.04.2023

All is well,
With a dry heart,
Its pieces scattered,
Fused together with time.
Kintsugi, the more humane way.
Through hard times,
I have survived.
Broken umpteen times,
Fused every time.
Never do I wallow for long,
In any kind of pain.
Picking up the pieces.
It comes naturally to me.
Something I pride myself,
Something I have grown to be.
"Ekla Chalo Re!"
A go-to mantra for me.
I pick myself up,
I stride ahead.
With my head held high.
Naysayers, fault-finders, and jealous beings,
I pray for their happiness.
Equally, I pray for those who wish well for me.
I strive to survive,
I have learned to live!



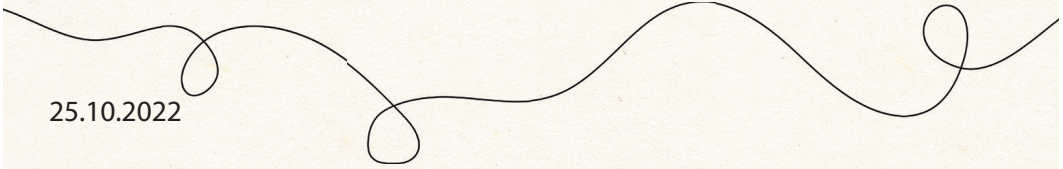
22.03.2023

Watching the marks fade away,
I stand before the mirror, looking at myself.
Wondering where that zestful, feisty girl has disappeared?
Disappeared somewhere deep within oneself.
I choose to forgive her.
Telling her to start from the beginning.
She knows that I know,
It has always been "our thing."
She has fallen and risen up umpteen times.
She knows she will always be fine.
Phoenix spirit within her,
Keeps rekindling when she is worn out.
She knows what she is,
What is the strength of a woman all about?
Her rabbit eyes, with a piercing hawk vision,
She is all set on her goals.
To her dreams, that she has envisioned.



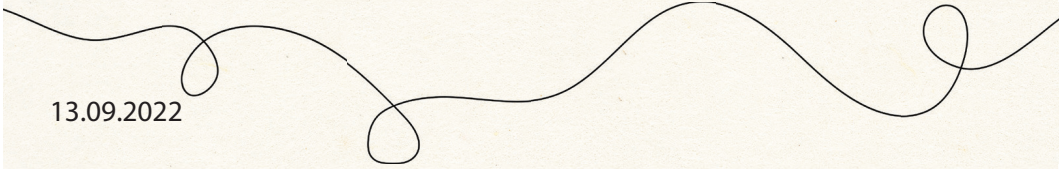
14.12.2022

Within the four chambers of my heart,
I have buried your memories deep within.
Gathering dust, and the print faded,
To others, it's just a garbage heap.
To part with them,
I have yet to gather the strength.
The day I will do that,
I do not repent.
An urge to revive the print,
Dust the grime off them.
Relive those fading memories.
To keep you alive, and how?
Impossible as it may seem,
We tend to have parted ways.
Memories of us are all I have,
And so shall they stay.
Looking back at the good old days,
No remorse was ever felt.
Even today, they bring back the smile,
On my stern and grim face.
To forgive you,
For the love you bestowed upon me.
No guilt, no shame, no hate,
Just gratitude for you is all that there is,
And rightfully shall be.



25.10.2022

A tiny pinch of solitude,
Is all I need to keep myself sane.
Me loving myself,
A bit of Tender, Love and Care.
Away from noisy crowds,
All by myself I can be.
It is not as impossible,
As it may seem.
Loving yourself,
It's not that big a crime.
Loving yourself selflessly,
Is what you truly need.
It helps you see the world from a different eye,
You tend to gauge more,
And figure out the "whys."
It's the best gift you can gift yourself often.
Solitude, in your company,
I feel a different me.



13.09.2022

I ain't no saint, I ain't no devil.
In between I lie, I often marvel.
Morally just,
Immorally wrong.
Who's to judge?
When all sound uniform.
Emotionally driven,
Always keep your motives in check.
But you always succumb,
What the heck!
Neither am I fickle-minded,
Nor overtly headstrong.
I discover new facets of myself,
As life moves along.
Growing and evolving,
A constant metamorphosis in process.
At every juncture,
A state of osmosis.
What I conclude,
Boils down to naivety.
Hold on to the child within.
You are in a state of sanity.
Life will be unjust.
Fair will rarely pop,
I have learned to skip to the life beats,
Till my heartbeats stop.



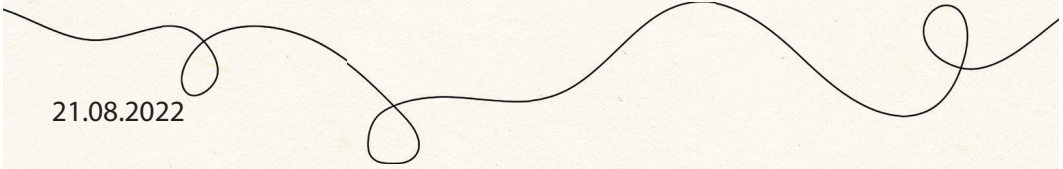
03.09.2022

I whisked myself onto an island,
An island far away from home.
Suppressing your memories,
I refuse to face the truth and mourn.
Home is where my heart is,
The heart that ceased to beat.
With Mother pining for you,
I cannot face all that heat.
I have been an escapist,
Running here and there.
To avoid the confrontation,
The fact is that I am aware.
You have gone too long,
Yet your presence lingers on.
You let me know that you still care.
In the strangest of ways.
I know I have to be there for Mother.
For her, I need to be strong.
I know I need to let go and face the facts.
I now need to heal and mourn.
Home is where my heart is,
The heart that ceased to beat.
With Mother pining for you,
I cannot face all that heat.
I know you will be there to guide me.

From up and beyond, somewhere.
I come back home to you and your memories,
I come back to be my mother's bairn.
No longer will I run from you and her,
I have made up my mind to stay.
To be with your memories and mother,
I'd rather be home than away.
I'd rather be home than away.

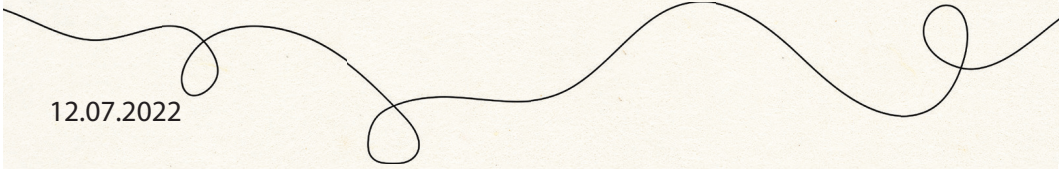
"Poetry is the opening and closing of a door,
leaving those who look through to
guess about what is seen during the moment."
Carl Sandburg





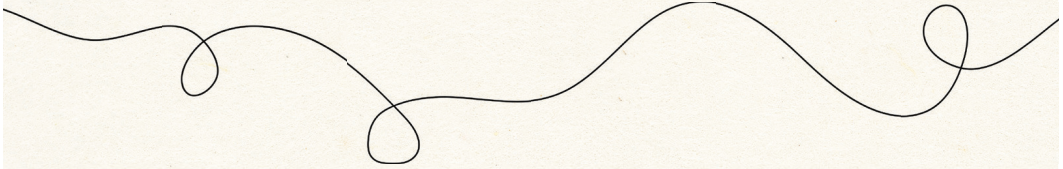
21.08.2022

You showered me with love.
With you, blue skies turned pink,
On quicksand, I'd float, not sink.
You made me feel important.
You lent me your broad shoulders to cry on,
You wiped my tears gently with your hands.
You made me feel beautiful.
So much I wanted to say,
Whence we parted ways.
Yet, I silently allowed you to walk away.
I never felt you would go astray.
I held on to that tiny faith,
I remained in a perfectly balanced mental state.
I knew you would return, when and how,
I did not anticipate it.
I still feel the love.
That's what I hate.
I have moved on ahead.
Yet the memory of you in the past just stayed.
Oh, Love! This time just stay.
Let me get to know you once again.
Let me be a part of that journey you chartered alone.
Let us grow together from here on,
Let us together walk the path ahead,
Knowing you will have me by your side,
All the way on.



12.07.2022

Every day, a new day,
A new battle, a new test.
Being a child again,
A tempting thought.
Yet for an adult,
Also a threat.
To remain in between,
To retain innocence,
Yet to behave with maturity.
A difficult balance to strike,
To be swayed easily by corrupt minds.
A chance, you know,
You have to take it.
Be it real,
Or be it fake?
The only survival tactic,
To endure evolution.
Darwin's theory,
A mind-boggling concoction!
What people can do,
Can never cease to surprise me.
What nature has to offer,
The consequences, we all see.



Yet I get affected,
Prefer to become immune.
Dancing my way around,
On my own tune.
I care a lot,
Yet choose to care less.
Having brains,
To be mocked, brainless.
Yet I flash a smile,
'Coz I know.
Like the river,
We as humans flow.
Survival tactic,
To remain plain dumb.
Only way around,
Is to make yourself numb.
It's hard to implement,
If you do,
It's the world's greatest achievement.
You know your strengths,
Play to the gallery with your weaknesses.
I have learned to be 'Me'.
I am going to bloom.

When the time arrives.
Till then, let the rest,
Marinate in their petty thoughts.
Till they rot.
With their sorts.
I choose to remain fresh and thriving.
Creativity in full bloom,
No cribbing, no whining.

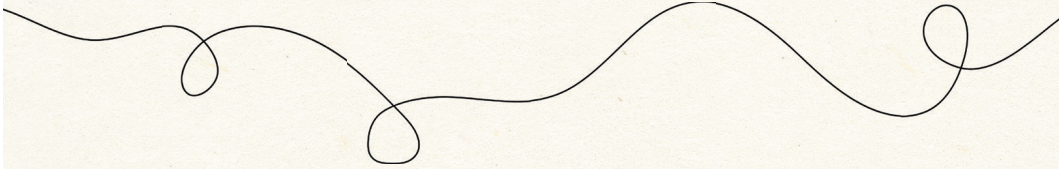
"Publishing a volume of verse is like dropping a rose-petal down the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo."

— Don Marquis



30.06.2022

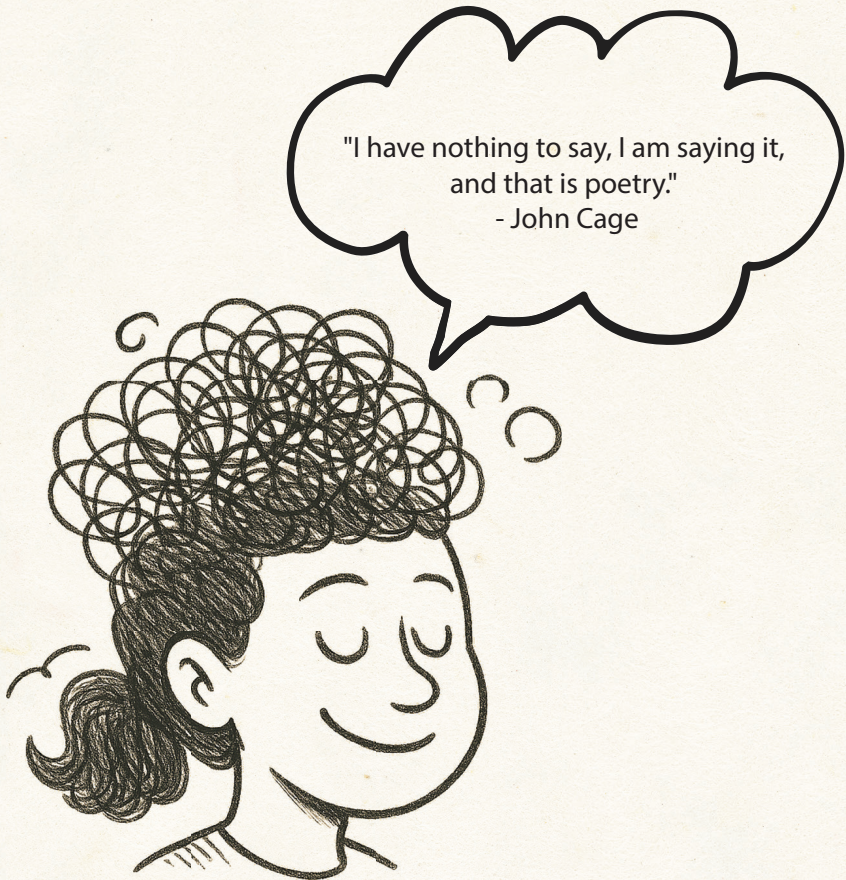
Wanting to shine, not fizz out,
Sure of my capabilities,
Yet scared to be ruled out.
Constant naysayers badgering you,
Under confident and unsure, a clueless you.
In the heart of hearts, you know that you are a diamond,
Shining bright within.
Keeping yourself caged within you,
Scared of sharing.
For so many years,
I have protected myself.
Wondering about all the distress.
Knowing that a day will come,
And I will shine.
I too have hidden within me,
A diamond mine.
For others, coal is all that they saw.
When they saw within me,
The diamond shone.
It took me years to be 'me.'
It's taken me this far.
To show what I have grown into.
I don't rebel.
I don't often speak up.
I see through hell.



Do you think I am meek? Shut up!
I allow you to be you.
Because I strive to be,
The very best version of me.
Yet you are so consumed in yourself,
You just fail to see.
If a glass is half empty,
Half full too, it can be.
If a square is a quadrilateral,
A rectangle too, it can be.
Yet we see everyone through the same pair of glasses,
They are stained and worn out.
You better get a new pair,
Serving a vision that is brand new.
My friend, you need some clarity.
You better clear your mind.
No one is so easy to interpret,
It's not complicated on the hind side.
Life is full of contradictions.
Do you accept it or not?
You have nothing to lose;
Life teaches lessons.
One of them is "Why not?"

03.05.2022

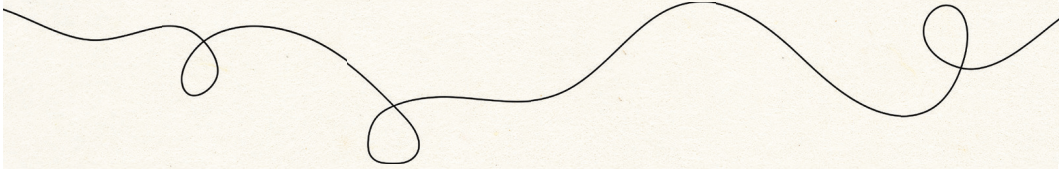
Who are slaves of a cult society?
That society, with multiple faces,
With varied levels of hypocrisy.
So set yourself free,
Be what you want to be.
Care two hoots for unsolicited judgements.
Experience how the fresh air you breathe feels.



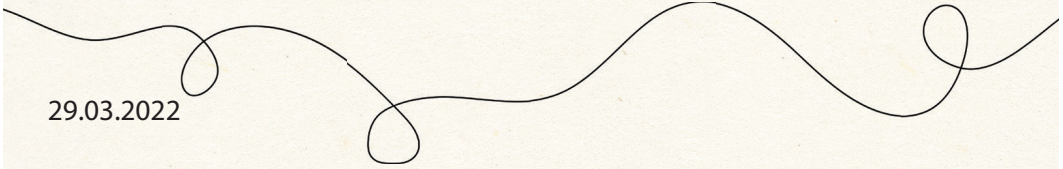


04.04.2022

Butterflies in my stomach,
As I embark upon a new journey,
To another exciting terrain.
Open to surprises,
Come hail, come rain.
I am well prepared for the torrid weather that lies ahead.
I know it is going to be quite a spread.
I have made up my mind.
Buckled up tight.
What lies ahead of me,
Is not an easy fight.
Yet liberating and boundless, I do feel,
If not iron, at least I can be a woman of steel.
I have strengthened my wings.
I have spread them wide.
I now aim for the sky.
As I slowly soar up high.
A part of me,
I share with thee.
That part,
Untouched, unexplored
My wild and free side,
Daredevil, that I hid inside.



No one else had seen it before.
I show you that side.
The side I craved to bring forth.
Afraid to be judged,
I suppressed it too much.
Now it has set itself free.
A part of me,
That wants to be.
Restrained, yet free,
Bonded yet shackle-free.
I put myself out there,
Caring less, to be judged.
I feel free and breathe the air.
No more feeling of guilt,
Let the world see.
Why procrastinate about the judgements of others?



29.03.2022

Don't you think it's enough?

Where Women are openly judged for choices!

Where the male species opine in loud voices.

Where Women are still told what is ladylike and expected,

Even when they are poorly treated.

A Woman is bracketed as a bad driver,

Late nights are not acceptable.

Being housebound is actually her.

Dressed a bit loud,

Professional achievements disheartening.

Bearing children and raising them is a true sense of pride.

Why should Women behind these garbs hide?

A Woman is an underdog.

She can surprise a man

Whose eyes are fogged.

Treat her equally and equate her needs to yours,

High time, men, you discussed your flaws.

Change the rules; you may not survive.

But in any given circumstance,

A Woman will thrive.

An epitome of grit and valour,

She daily battles the stigmas of this world.

She is powerful,

So is her herd.

So irrespective of gender, gift wings of hope,
Every child has infinite scope.
But any stunted mind doesn't allow growth,
As doors of opportunities get opened to both.

"You will find poetry nowhere unless
you bring some of it with you."
— Joseph Joubert





06.03.2022

What does it mean to be a Woman?

I have pondered over this all my life.

From being a girl to a lady,

This transition every female goes through.

What makes me a Woman?

What defines me as one?

Nothing particular, I would say

Someone's daughter, someone's wife, someone's
mother.

Or the way I dress?

But do these relationship definitions and outer garbs define
me as one?

No, I say.

What defines me being a Woman?

Is it my grit, my ability to soak in biases, negativity and injustice?

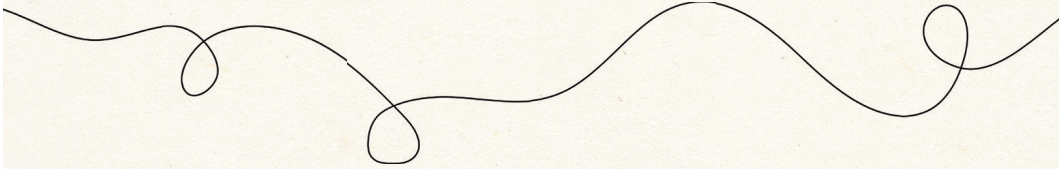
Yet bounce back stronger, positive and hard.

My zeal and zest, my creative pursuits.

My individuality, my own singular identity.

My choice to be outside ticked boxes and compartments,

Yet jump and juggle between them on my terms.



What defines me as a Woman?

My silent pursuit is to grow and blossom without disrupting the
man's world.

To create a secure Woman's world,
Being unbiased and non-judgemental.

I strive to be of substance rather than just existence.

For me, a Woman is balance, stability,
and strength,

I strive to be just that.



21.03.2022

How well do I know Me?

I have often asked myself.

Without pretence, expectations, or judgements.

I feel I am yet to master the art.

I am discovering myself now.

As much as I have explored in the past.

Sometimes I feel when I see myself through other's eyes,

Trying to modify me.

Trying to fit myself into boxes made by them.

I would forget to be me.

Acceptance is more empowering

when you do it to yourself.

Than by others.

Tinted glasses come off,

The world has its own riot of colours.

You learn to appreciate it even more.

In its true glory.

When you learn to write and

narrate your own story.



18.02.2022

Dearest Moon,

As you wane away slowly,

You take away the loneliness,

You have brought it along with you.

Help me manoeuvre through the abyss.

That is left behind by you.

Let me keep the solace and peace you elude.

Tell him that I wait patiently, with bated breath,

On the darkest of days,

In the strangest of ways.

Moments with him seep through the cracked walls of reality.

Bringing much-needed comfort,

Like the warmth of sun rays.

Joyous past, I leave behind with you,

It's the warmth I feel to date.

In dark and cold moments,

They shine with bright glaze.

I thank God for your presence.

In my humdrum life.

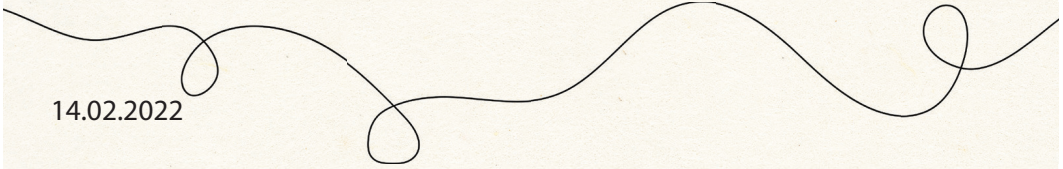
You were a boon for me.

Revived my depleting drive.

The strive to live exceeds the desire to perish.

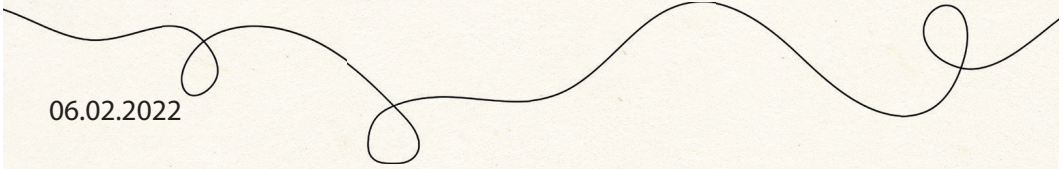
The meaning you helped me give myself,

I truly cherish it.



14.02.2022

Do not ask me to prove my love.
I have bled gallons of blood.
Streams of tears pouring out,
Your thoughts clog every part.
Staying sane in a delusional world,
Hard, but I am living up to the charade.
Unintentional I have kept you at bay.
I never thought of keeping it this way.
When situations demanded ethical conduct,
I have masked up well.
Even you cannot wonder.
Playing to the galleries,
I seem to have mastered the art.
Have cleverly bandaged,
My bleeding heart.
Numbed my pain with distractions,
Conveniently forgetting life's subtractions.
I hold no grudges against you of any sort,
You had to do with what you had got.
I ask no questions,
I seek no replies.
Only purity of love that implies.
Hatred is too strong a word and emotion for one lifetime.
I hope you are well.
Even though I am just about fine.



06.02.2022

Romancing the stars,
We have all heard of.
But romancing solitude,
It is something rare.
I love my solitude dearly.
It's my sacred space.
Where I am me.
I am devoid of pretences.
Shackle-free, Freedom of thoughts is all it cares.
Where thoughts are boundless,
Everything is possible.
Utopia and everything beautiful.
My solitude leaves no scope for being judgemental.
Toxicity is detrimental.
Romancing solitude,
It is peace of mind.
Perfect happiness, one can find.
The sheer joy you feel from within,
Away from the chaos of the world.
It's just me and me alone,
The tranquility that it has grown.
The solitude of mine,

I will never exchange
Without it, the world feels like a cage.
I am at my creative best.
The solitude of mine helps me de-stress.

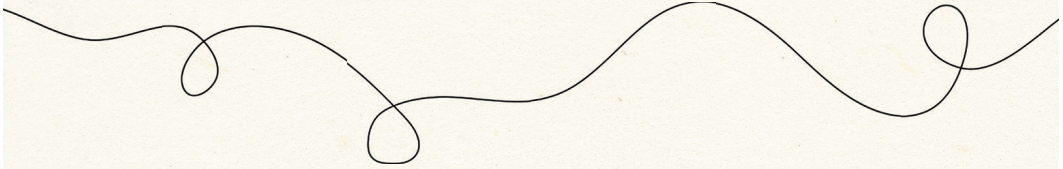
"The world is full of poetry.
The air is living with its spirit; and the waves dance to the
music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness."
-James Gates Percival





03.02.2022

As a nation comes crashing down,
A hand of hope struggles its way up through the rummage.
Life exists through great calamities.
A simple life crisis,
We can definitely survive this.
Swiped-out nations,
Bounced back harder.
From zero to infinite potential,
So can we, though days that are darker.
We need to keep going,
Stronger with each stride, we can be.
Every life has phases that are low,
Life is a long journey, as it is meant to be.
Yet one must swim with the tide,
Let go of the flow.
Never beat yourself for choices made.
You are human, for God's sake.
And you very well know.
Time changes, and so will the tide,
Entities like these wait for no one.

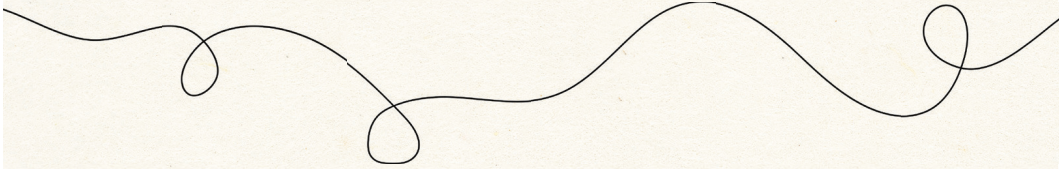


Get up, and shrug off the dust of defeat.
You are an unsung soldier,
That's what you should believe.
So up and running, soldier, it would be,
You are the source of your strength.
You are as strong as Hercules was, you see!
With grit and determination in those stubborn eyes,
March into the world,
The unknown world ahead of you lies.



23.01.2022 (2)

Take me back in time,
With you, I want to be.
Take me back in time,
When we were careless and free.
Where boundaries ceased to exist,
When one was loving and hopeful,
When all was one,
When innocence lay within me.
Take me back in time,
When we were careless and free.
Take me back in time,
With you I want to be.
Where giving and sharing,
Involved every bit of caring.
Where small things mattered,
Where materialism had no meaning.
Take me back in time,
With you, I want to be.
Take me back in time,
When we were careless and free.
I have lived my life looking through tainted windows,
A hopeful world I painted for myself.
Take me back in time,
With you, I want to be.

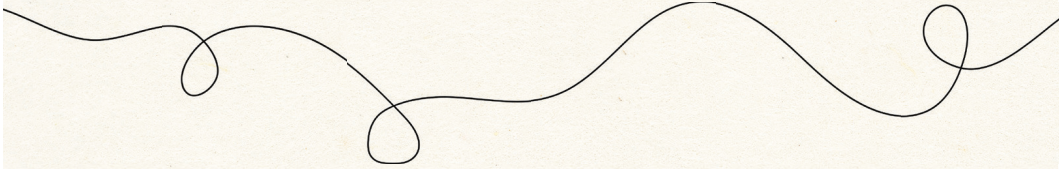


With you, I want to live in colour,
With a hint of black and white, maybe.
I know this world is of all sorts of colours,
Even black, white, and grey.
I want to live every moment, here on,
Even in tones of sepia,
Exploring every colour life has in store for me.
Let us live our lives in the present.
You and me.
We have grown distant.
Choosing our separate ways.
Let bygones be bygones.
Let's explore uncharted pathways.
Let "Us" just be!



06.01.2022 (2)

To be or not to be?
Was never the question.
Fate brought us together,
It is fate that tore us apart.
To feel or not to feel?
Was never an option.
Together felt right then,
Together today ceases to exist.
Am I happy, or am I sad?
This question haunts me.
I avoid pondering on it,
As long as I can.
I know now, at this moment,
I am at peace.
No storm, nor hurricane of emotions,
Nothing can maim me.
I stand solid and tall,
With a wall shielding my bruised heart.
I tread the path of new beginnings,
I'm geared up for a brand-new start.
And there you stand invisibly in front of me,
I choose to walk through you,
I choose to walk past.

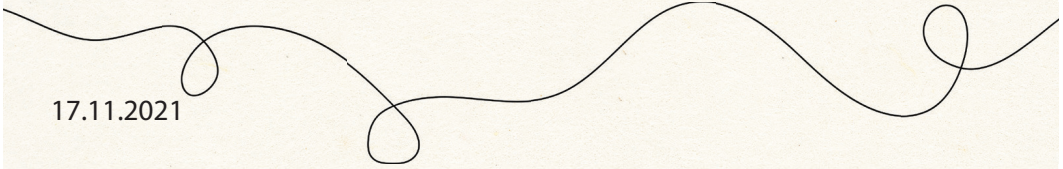


I know what I am leaving behind in you,
I know our paths will cross again.
Till then I choose to leave the pain behind,
I choose to live my life without strain.



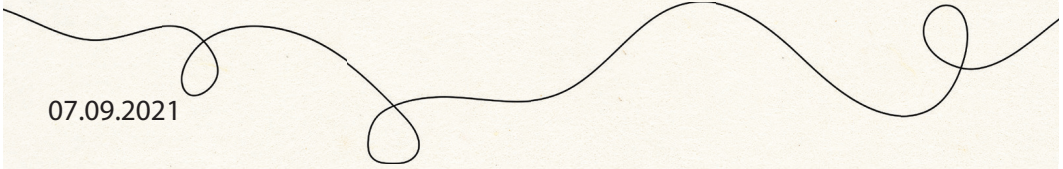
30.12.2021

I wrestle with my thoughts.
To be, or not to be,
Good, bad, in between.
Selfish or kind,
I cannot make up my mind.
I stare into the thin air,
Which seems to grow thinner by the day.
As the dilemma seems to grow grimmer,
I refuse to sway.
A decision has been made.
There is a bit of good,
A bit of bad within.
I choose to stay grey.
That's what we all are,
Humans all the way.



17.11.2021

Oh! lonely, cold nights.
My sole companion, oh dearest moon,
Your soothing touch,
How I miss thee!
Like a secret lover, you would come to meet me,
Creep in through the back window,
In hours, wee.
I seek our beautiful nights together,
Now only etched in my memories.
In dreams, you crawl in,
I relive those days again.
Memories of us and the quiet days.
Staring for hours together,
In each other's eyes till sleep would wrap us tight.
Those beautiful nights,
Those nights we silently romanced away.
Our little fantastical escapades,
They still call me.
Beacon me to prance away.
With you, dearest Moon, my sole companion,
And my lonely, cold nights,
Who I left long back, aeons away.



07.09.2021

As I sit quietly by the window,
Watching the rain pour in its full glory.
I procrastinate.
Immediately, I shun the thoughts out.
As I realized all these years,
I have missed living in the moment.
I clear my mind of those random thoughts.
And once again, I sit and watch the rain fall.
Pitter patter pitter,
As the sound grows louder,
The droplets get bigger.
With a gentle breeze coming from the Arabian Sea.
Realization just dawned upon me,
I have forgotten how beautiful nature is.
Yet to explore and more to see.
I had forgotten how soothing is the breeze,
How rhythmic is the sound of the rain?
I realized how foolish I was to consume myself,
With the sound of man when nature has its plans.
I promised myself from here on,
A date with myself and nature, full on.
Just an evening by the window,
Or a late evening stroll,

The time spent with myself and me alone.
A wise investment I make in myself,
Pick a book off the bookshelf.
Every little step I take to love myself,
I fall in love with myself more and more.

"Always be a poet, even in prose."
- Charles Baudelaire





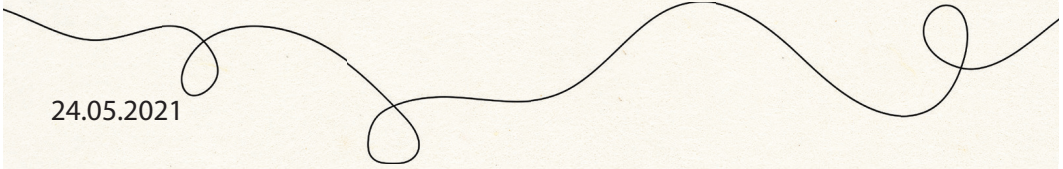
07.06.2021

The beauty of nature,
Can be seen in its full-grown glory.
Every flower,
It seems to tell its own story.
In full bloom, you will find them in the rain,
To be happy,
They need not be trained.
They teach you to smile on a gloomy day,
They spread the fragrance they have within,
In an even way.
From nature, you can get to learn lessons of life,
They teach you survival,
An urge to exist and strive.
Yet on turbulent days,
Bloom in glory,
Spread the scent of love uniformly.
It has no expectations from us,
Yet they play their part well.
Nature is so selfless,
We are as selfish as hell!



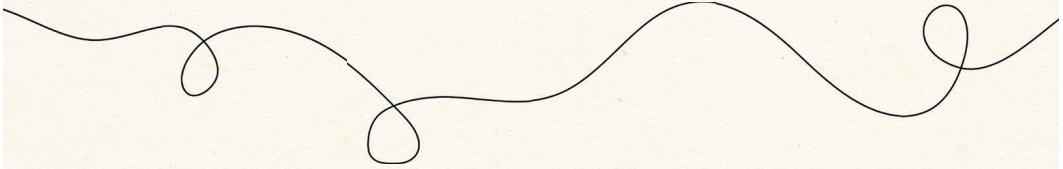
29.05.2021

Two lives separate,
Yet intertwined.
Imperfect, broken, yet beautiful souls,
Apart, yet together.
Dream to grow old together.
Brought together by destiny,
Yet having destinations of their own.
Share a part of the journey together,
Yet trend on rocky paths alone.
Broken, yet beautiful,
These two souls.
Individually incomplete,
Together they complete each other,
Fill the gaps that are torn.
Broken yet beautiful,
Are these two souls,
Human kintsugi,
Finding beauty in imperfections.
A story known to all,
A story time and again told.



24.05.2021

My heart seems to run on a treadmill,
Wanting to run away from pain.
It finds itself stuck with this,
Human body, personified cage.
It throbs a zillion times, trying to increase its pace,
Heart break is what it doesn't really want to face.
To circumvent the tactful mind,
To submit to its facts.
To accept the loss,
To feel numb, not to react.
My heart loves to find ways,
To live in denial.
I guess it's a common reaction,
Reaction best for one's survival.
I forget my heart is strong as iron,
It has withstood many torrid rains.
But every time it's broken,
It has given me numerous aches.
I feel no shame to accept,
I am a default piece of life,
A life, I would love to live again,
In another lifetime.
This life has been a great teacher,
Taught me to endure it all, yet be strong.



This lifetime, I still have time,
Time to learn and move on.
To enrich my soul, to give something back in return,
I know for sure I will leave behind,
My thoughts, words and writings,
The words I shaped with my mind.
I know I will walk away with gratitude,
And gratitude is all I can feel.
Gratitude and forgiveness,
For the aches and hurts, felt and given,
The hurts, I am yet to feel.



16.05.2021

As I walk through the tunnel,
The tunnel of grey despair and grim hope.
Abyss seems to seamlessly disappear,
Giving a ray of light a scope.
I feel like a soldier,
Marching towards victory,
With my head held high.
I proudly carry the flag of Valour,
See how gallantly it waves, as the wind gushes by.
In these dark times,
March ahead like a soldier.
Face what life throws at you,
With open arms, a smile on your face, and a tough shoulder.
Darkness will give way to light,
There is always a scope.
Always hold on to one magical belief,
That belief is Hope.



06.05.2021

I hear noise, in my ever-silent mind,
All the chaos of the world,
In all the silence you can find.
Is this white noise, one talks about?
Or is it another attempt to compartmentalize?
We have learned too well to create boundaries and divide,
We even talk about them with great pride.
Race, creed, colour, caste, identity,
We have learnt to divide every individuality.
We love to stand out, yet merge in,
What a dichotomy of feelings we carry within.
We are a product of confused minds,
Where you will find silence in noise,
And chaos in a silent mind.

"Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought
and the thought has found words."
- Robert Frost





11.04.2021

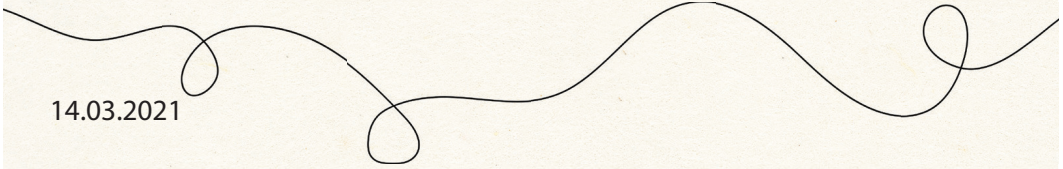
Time Travel: A Poem

I have taken upon a journey,
A journey to find myself.
I read up all the books,
Found on the self-help shelf.
It is a difficult journey to undertake,
Where I have to unlearn a lot of things.
But the most satisfying one,
What a peace!
To be with oneself.
The journey continues,
I keep surprising myself.
From moment to moment,
Never to return back to the same old dark days.
Where I had caged myself,
I always had something to lament.
The shadows of past,
Still haunt me though,
But this path to self-discovery,
Will help me become strong through and through.



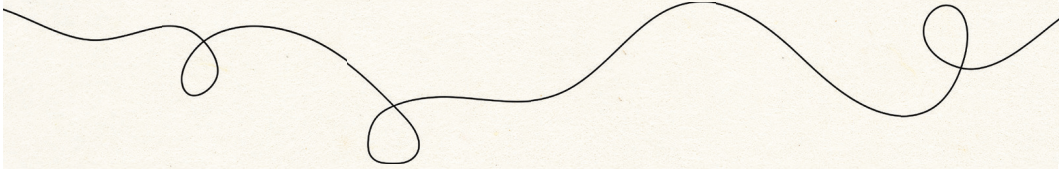
09.04.2021

This house of cards,
Built with care and love,
Comes crashing down before my eyes.
In my dreams I still see it floating high above,
On a sea of clouds.
Away from the tortured earth,
Where tranquility and serenity prevail.
I rise above this debris,
Caused by emotional tornadoes and earthquakes
That frequent the earth I live on.
Like a phoenix,
Spreading my wings,
Towards the bountiful and promising horizons.
I soar above the pain and wrath,
Never to look back,
The invisible shackles just seem to disappear.
I am free at last from this mawkish bondage.



14.03.2021

White noise, black silence,
Never forgetting resilience.
My mind easily fluctuates between the two,
A shade of life, an unfelt hue.
Into a glass of life,
It pours more wine of emptiness.
I gulp it down, reluctantly,
The medicine of bitter truth.
Waiting for life to pour some more wine,
As my eyes ooze out brine.
I smile, to make the atmosphere around me feel better,
As my mind rushes to catch my frisky heart,
Running helter skelter.
Once I hold it with great difficulty,
I place it back gently between my two cushioned breasts.
I nurture it, cajole it,
I tenderly and fondly caress it.
I calm it down once again,
Preparing it to endure more pain.



As they say, "no pain, no gain."

My heart once again readies itself to face life,

Half empty, half full...

All ready to mull.

Lessons learned, the medicines to

the fragile weak soul,

Pondering, gulping every drop,

A smile still stays on my face.

This time life decides to surprise me,

It pours sweet nectar of love,

The emptiness fills up,

An empty soul now nourished.

Turning me into a fountainhead of life.



26.02.2021

My laptop and my phone,
My prized possessions, ever owned.
My constant companions on days I'm low,
I key in my emotions, all in a flow.
I capture moments through words via them,
The moments I can recreate,
While going through each one of them.
I love them dearly,
Yet I make time,
For books, my diary and my pen,
My first love, before them.
I keep them all together as one,
My past loves my present,
Future is all peacefully set of mine.
New inventions are welcomed,
But I love my old pals.
When my girl gang is not around,
They act as my dearest gals.
My gossip, fears and every minuscule detail I share,
Without them, today I would be nowhere.

"Poetry is plucking at the heartstrings,
and making music with them."
-Dennis Gabor





22.02.2021

Dear Child,

The day I decide to carry you in my womb,
I would be carrying all the dreams, hopes, desires,
The insecurities and states of dire.

A mixture of temperaments,
Hints of naughtiness.

A mind who will think on is your own,
Find a path, a niche carved on its own.

Gender A, gender B, gender C...

That's up to you not me.

I will love you from your first breath to my last,
Even when you detach yourself from the connecting umbilical cord,
Stepping into this universe that's vast.

I presume to be your very first love,
The love over lifetimes that has last.

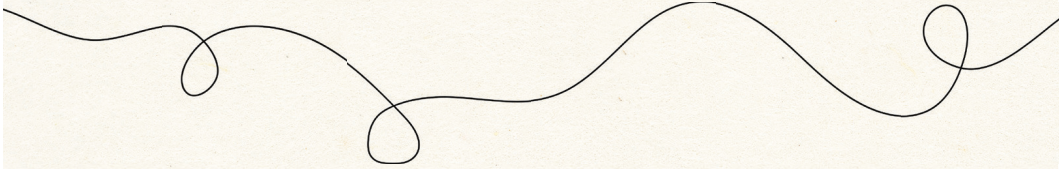
I am not perfect, I don't expect you to be too,
But let me tell you, you are still mine.

World can be a cruel place, unless you paint it nice,
You will be a part of me,

A part, who will always be fine.

I don't know when will you be here in flesh and blood,
Right now somewhere in figments of my imagination you lie,

I write to you, my future child,
Whether you are my future reality or a lie.

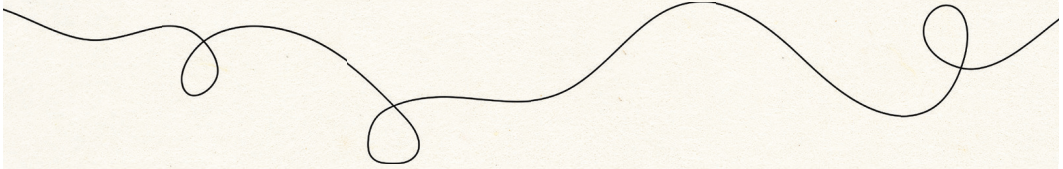


In another dimension,
I know you do exist for real;
I never desire you badly, here,
You may feel I find this trivial.
But in the heart of hearts, we both know,
You're that priority
The priority I will not avoid,
You will be that boon in my life,
Remember I will love you,
That boon, who will fill the void in my life.
But I don't want you to fill me,
I want you as fountainhead.
An entity, an identity, you are yourself.
If I try to mould you hard,
I may at times get carried away.
You are a part of me,
A part I will not allow to go astray.
Whenever you decide to enter this realm of mine,
Remember, I will try not to be judgmental.
The world here judges you,
Stay strong and be yourself,
Don't go crazy, intimidated or mental.
With all flaws and goodness, you have to give.
My parting words for now are,
Be yourself, unabashedly, imperfectly perfect, as can be.

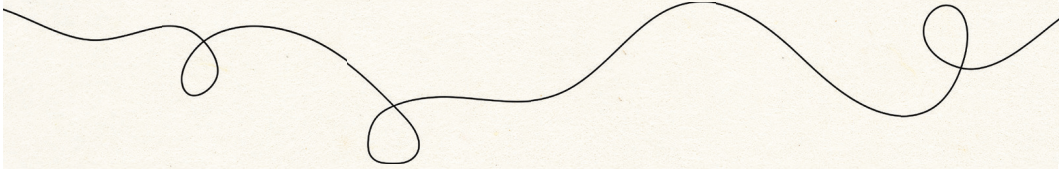


30.01.2021

Before me lay a pile of half-read books,
Wrapped up well, uniformly.
I look at them in confusion,
Trying to decipher which one to pick,
I find no proper conclusion.
"All look the same from far," I exclaimed,
How will I choose one in a jiffy?
That's the beauty of a uniform,
It blends into one, everybody's identity.
I laugh at my astuteness,
When one should feel a bit foolish.
How will I know what I want to read?
Unless I see its content flow.
I slowly smile, reminding myself,
The sole purpose of this practice.
We tend to judge a book by its cover,
Not by the content inside it.
I slowly go pick every book,
Open and glance through the words.
Finally, I find the book I want to read,
I can finally, escape into its magical world.



This practice of covering books,
I have continued ever since school.
I may have stopped wearing a uniform,
But this practice, I still find it cool.
In deeper introspection,
If you give this practice a thought.
You will soon realize,
What our school has instilled in us,
What has it truly taught?
It has taught me to see everyone on one level,
No one is superior or inferior to you.
This practice truly humbles you,
You don't even have an inkling or a clue.
In today's media age,
Where you are simply a packaged brand.
Glossy exteriors take over to sustainability,
How will you know, where you stand?
Simplicity is not attractive anymore;
Gaudiness stands out loud.
Subtleties have no place in this rat race,
OTT is hep and happening somehow!



Amidst all the glitz and glamour,
We have forgotten that words should make you feel.
It's not the packaging that should stay behind,
The words and the stories are the real deal.
How I crave for simple stories, simply said,
No fancy words, pictures or packaging
Just beautiful words, weaving themselves into stories,
A beautiful, magical world of words,
Words that aren't withheld.
I stretch my legs and finally go into the world I choose to be,
Away from the pain and drudgery of reality.

"Poetry is thoughts that breathe,
and words that burn."
-Thomas Gray





27.12.2020

How I crave for you, oh! Solitude,
My friend, my dear companion.
My fondness for you never fades away,
I so long for our reunion.
So engrossed in commitments, I am,
I haven't been getting time to spend with you.
I miss those beautiful evenings together we had spent,
The poetry, the angst that I would vent.
Enriching our company was our beloved Moon,
He shone upon us, in full glory,
When I, with you by my side would lovelorn.
Those were the days,
We would lament and crib,
That life sucked, We knew it was a fib.
It was our way to churn those creative juices within,
Till we were completely high.
Then I would pen those thoughts into words,
Words would shape into poetry,
It is then I would sigh with relief and amusement,
"Oh My!"
Oh! Solitude, my constant companion,
I know we shall be together soon.
We will have more laments and grudges,
Along with our dear old friend, the Moon.



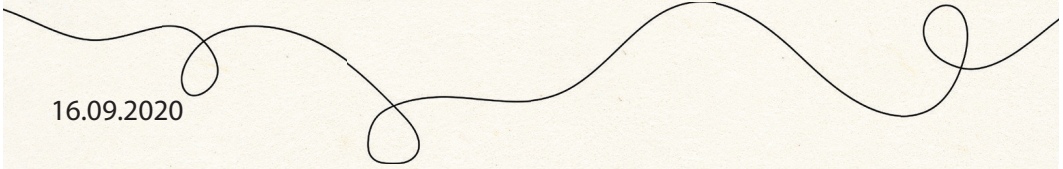
08.10.2020

Every beautiful poem was once
Something that came from my heart.
No rhyming no rhythm,
A concoction of few simple and fancy words.
Depicting my mental state,
An emotion, needed to be vent out,
Not a moment, could I wait.
But from depths of my naive heart,
Would they flow.
Best way for you to know me,
The best way I chose to grow.



04.10.2020

As a woman, writing liberates you.
Suppressed feelings flow out,
You feel brand new.
Toxicity comes gushing out,
Nothing left to spill from your mouth.
It's the best detox regime,
Other than green tea.
If you don't believe,
Why don't you try it out, yourself and see.



16.09.2020

I stumbled upon some memories,
Kept like a stack of books, dust-laden,
Somewhere amongst numerous thoughts in my head.
I dust them off with my trustworthy hands,
I place each one before me,
On the table called Eyes.
These beautiful memories bring back the lost smile,
My face lightens up like a thousand-watt bulb,
Bringing light into a room of dull gloomy moments I just entered.
These memories brought back the joy I have missed dearly,
They make me think clearly
I realised that you, my lucky charm,
You will be with me for eternity.
You're etched within my soul.
Your name is carved in gold.
I look up to the sky, with a faint smile of gratitude,
The reason for me to live.

"Let the beauty of what you love
be what you do."
"Rumi"

